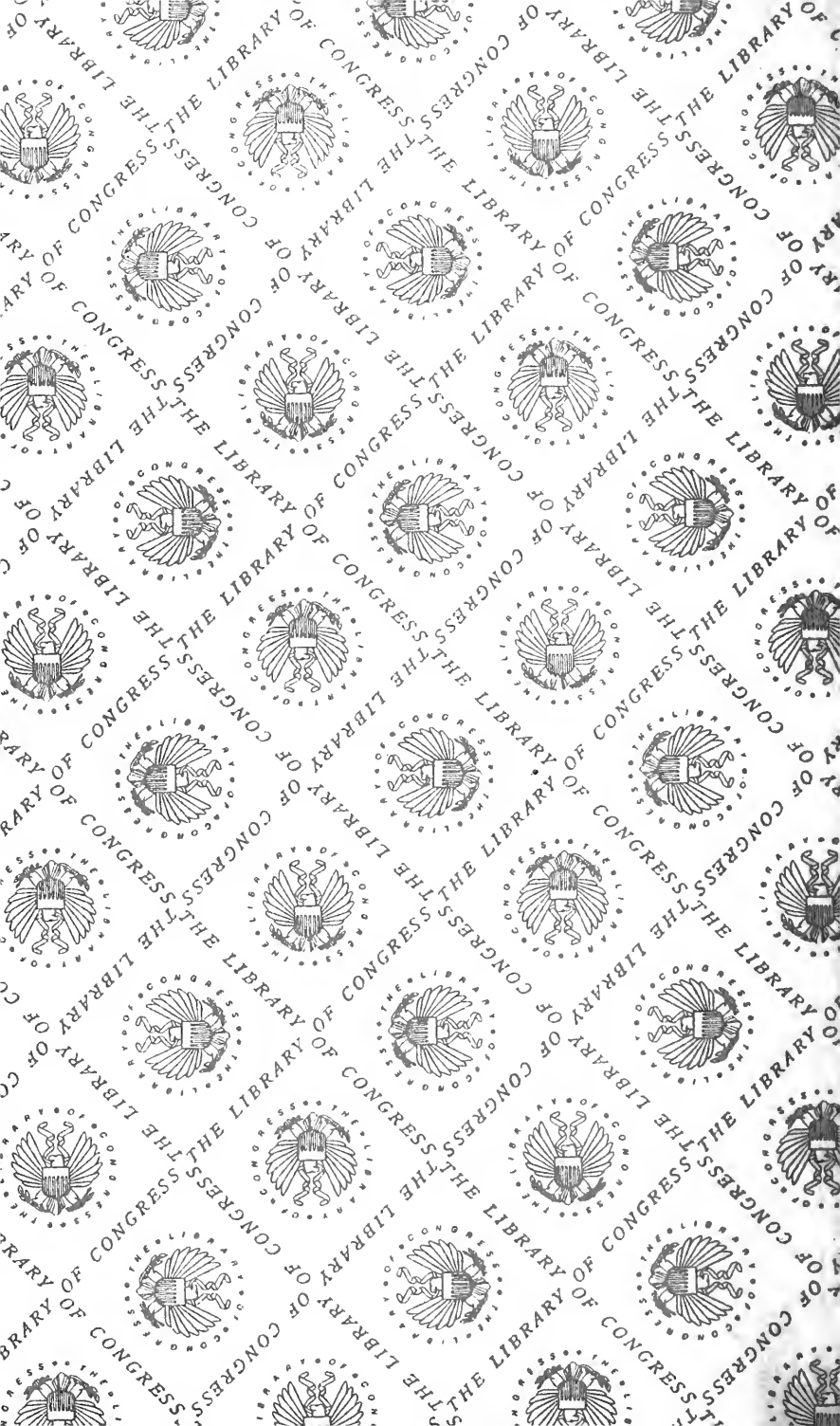
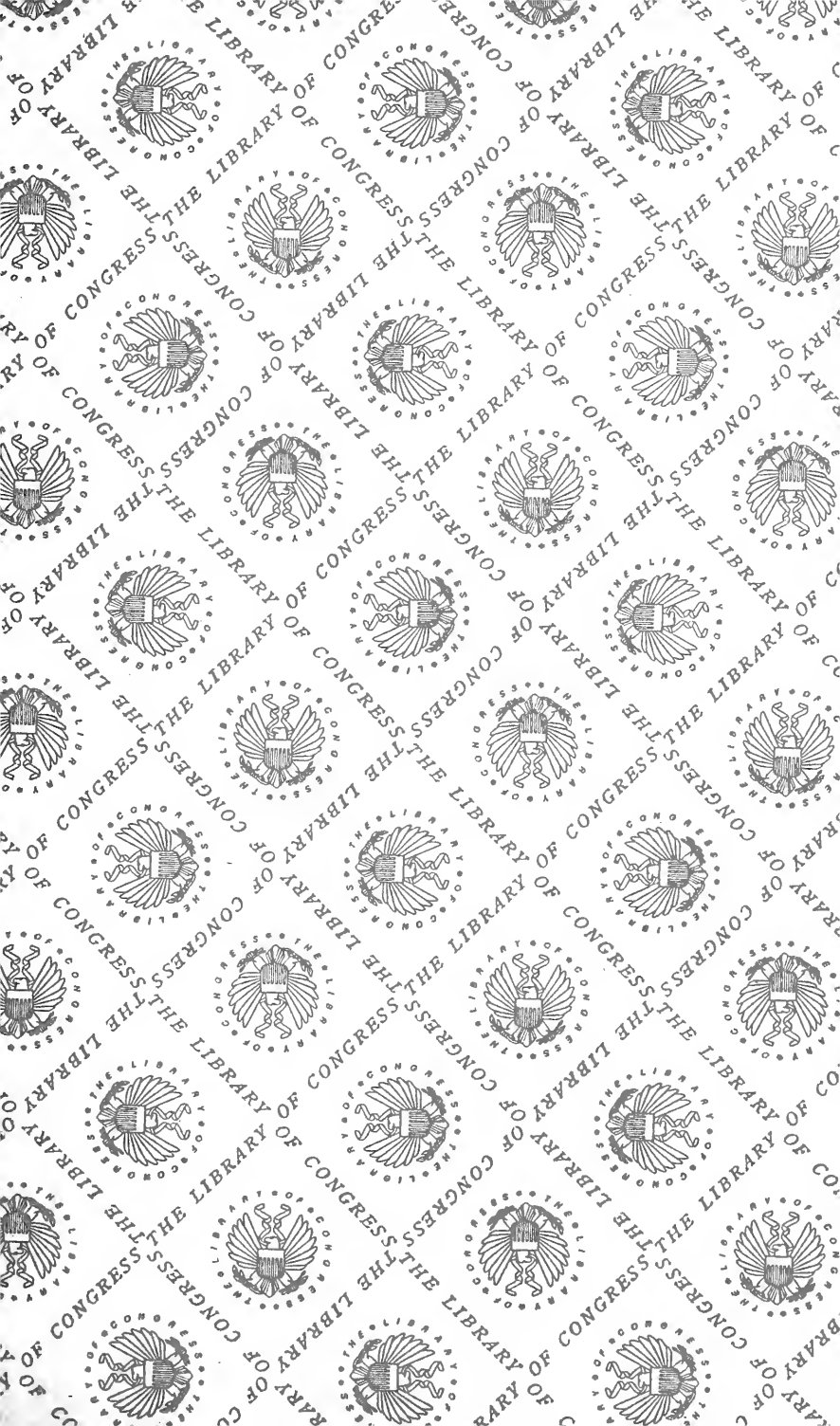


PS 3503
.A628 V4

1916







Verses *and* Proverbs



BY

CHARLES ARCHIBALD BARRETT

COPYRIGHT, DECEMBER, 1916



Charles A. Barrett

VERSES AND PROVERBS

BY

CHARLES ARCHIBALD BARRETT



COPYRIGHT DECEMBER, 1916

PRICE, 25 CENTS

235

PS 3503
A628V4
1916

Contents

NATURE POEMS

An Address to the Ocean.....	5
The Approach of Autumn.....	6
The Wind.....	7
At the Brook.....	8
The Beauties of the Night.....	9
The Dew Drops.....	10
The Robin.....	11
Youth	12
The Country Boy.....	13
Down on the Farms.....	14

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

A Birthday Greeting to Winnie 1.....	15
A Birthday Greeting to Winnie 2.....	16
The Lost Hour.....	17
To My Dear Friend Guy P. Benner.....	18
To an Honored Friend.....	19
The Rustic Boy.....	20
Don't Forget the Old Folks at Home.....	21
Duty	22
To My Little Daughter Harriet.....	22
Grandpa	23
The Tread of Life.....	24
A Birthday Greeting to My Dear Father.....	24
Bygone Days.....	26
Life	27
The Force of Love.....	28
Woman	30
Brotherhood	31
The Handiwork of God.....	33
New Year Verses.....	36
Proverbs	39

#0 25

JAN -8 1917 ©CL.A448844

no. 1.

PART ONE

NATURE POEMS

AN ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN.

Thou dark, and deep, and mighty Ocean!
Stretching West and East from shore to shore;
Kissing the mainland in a glad commotion;
Enchanting mankind with thy deaf'ning roar!

Making beauty with white-wingéd waves!
Making music with thy mighty roar!
Dashing waters against the rocky caves,
Whirling and surging through the gulf's great door;

Dashing pebbles 'gainst the rock-bound beach;
Embracing mainlands in mighty arms;
Stretching farther than naked eye can reach;
Nurturing islands bearing lofty palms.

Giving every land caresses,
Lingering at her wide-open door,
Laughing, playing with the seaweed's tresses,
Making music on her most ragged shore;

Supporting upon thy massive breast
A billion lofty, rolling billows,
And each one bearing a white-wingéd crest
Appearing like bleached and well-filled pillows.

Thou mighty, dark, and deep-tongued Ocean!
Who made thee so wonderful, so grand!
Thou, three-quarters of the World's great portion!
Ah, pray, who could have but the Master Hand?

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE APPROACH OF AUTUMN.

Oh! beautiful time of year,
When the leaves are changing shades;
When the Summer's end draws near,
And the grasses droop their blades.

The Summer birds are leaving
For their home in Sunny South;
The golden fruit is rip'ning,
Most tempting unto the mouth.

The buttercups and daisies
Are fast fading in the fields;
The rip'ning corn is growing
And now filling full its shields.

The sky is mild and sombre
And takes on a grayish hue;
The landscape in the distance
Presents a most pretty view.

The orchard's boughs are bending
Low beneath their precious load:
The goldenrods are blooming
Close beside the country road.

No other month or season
Of which we now remember
Brings more pleasing sceneries
Than picturesque September.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE WIND.

The wind listeth and it whistles
And travels a terrific pace—
Combs the heads of yonder thistles;
Runs the harnessed steam a race.

It climeth o'er the mountains' peaks
And entereth the meadow land;
It Earth's remotest corner seeks;
It chafes upon the Ocean strand.

It singeth to the lofty pines
And whispers to the tasselled corn;
It snaps the clothes upon the lines
And strews the leaves upon the lawn.

It visiteth the Ocean cave,
And with the pretty pansies flirts;
It puts the white-cap on the wave,
And rudely plays with ladies' skirts.

It piles the whitened snow in drifts.
Whirling on its furious course
It sometimes giant trees uplifts
By its great herculean force!

It drives the clouds before the gale
And wrestles with the falling rain;
It puts its shoulder to the sail,
And vents its fury on the plain.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

AT THE BROOK.

I sat me down beside the brook
'Mong the grasses and the flow'rs,
And now all earthly cares forsook
For a few complacent hours.

The brook was merrily singing
As it gently rolled along.
The sweet notes of birds were ringing
In many a joyful song.

The scent of flowers came drifting
Gently on the morning breeze,
And the little birds were shifting
In and out among the trees.

The sheep and cattle came in file
To the little brook to drink;
The little lambs remained awhile
Playing at the water's brink.

As I sat there in my leisure,
Sole spectator to the show,
It now filled my heart with pleasure
And inspired my soul to know

That the Father up in Heaven,
Who made both Heaven and Earth,
Has to us poor mortals given
Precious scenes of such great worth.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE BEAUTIES OF THE NIGHT.

'Tis night. The Sun has left the West.
Half all human kind 's fast asleep;
The Moon peeps o'er the wooded crest;
The Stars shine o'er the briny Deep.

The Zephyr plays with spruce and pine,
And coming fresh from mountain bower
Inspires us to high thoughts, divine,
And brings us scents from closing flower.

Old Night holds foul behind her screens,
And she is sometimes dark and bleak,
But she gives us glorious scenes
If we but have the mind to seek.

When Grand Old Sol bids us adieu,
And Old Queen Moon flouts on the stage,
The Angels deck the Earth with dew;
The spider spins her silken cage.

The silv'ry clouds float o'er our head;
The Moon plays hide and seek behind;
Fresh waters course the river bed
And sing songs to the wearied mind.

The Old North Star looks bleak and bland
As it smiles on hut and palace.
And lighting up the northmost Land,
The Auroraborealis!

The Great Yard L swings into place,
And the Evening Star shines bright.
These grandeurs greet us face to face,
And this we call glorious Night.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE DEW DROPS.

Sparkling little dew drops,
Smiling in the shadows.
The beauty of the hill-tops,
The jewels of the meadows.

Ever smiling sweetly,
Never once complaining
Whether the sun shines sweetly
Or whether it be raining.

The Sun's rays from heaven
Reflected are by thee,
And once again are given
To the cause of charity.

You teach us humankind
Many a noble thought
For your ev'ry act we find
Not with vice, but virtue fraught.

Each one of you are small,
Yet your tiny portion
Given to the great seas—all
Make the most mighty ocean.

Through harmony and love
In progress and reverse
You most mighty forces move
In this Grand Old Universe.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE ROBIN.

Hark, I hear the robin singing
In the early break of day,
And he to my heart is bringing
Gladness in this month of May.

How we love the little red-breast;
How we welcome him again
In sunny spring to build his nest
Close beside our window pane.

With great profit have we watched him
Toiling on through sultry days;
Nor forgetting, with a true vim,
To begin each day with praise.

He has never been a shirker;
He never robbed his brothers;
He has ever been a worker;
He's always kind to others.

We would wish that all humankind
Would their duty do as well,
Then we would have no fault to find
And we'd have no tales to tell.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

YOUTH.

Oh Youth, a thing of pure delight—
Refreshing—like a flower,
Yet like the dew that falls at night
Ah, it lasteth but an hour.

And like the dew that was so bright
In the earliest hours of morn
Soon fadeth and is lost from sight,
And ere long is gone—is gone.

Fresh as apple blossoms, blooming
In the merry month of May,
And as sweet and unassuming,
But she can not always stay.

In her place Old Age is seated,
And we look for her in vain.
Now our fondest hopes are cheated
And our pleasures turned to pain.

But Old Age is pure and wholesome
If not vice hath made him old,
And his presence is not loathsome
But he's honored more than gold.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE COUNTRY BOY.

The country lad is a hardy boy—
He's made of nerve, muscle and brawn;
He's full of fun and he's full of joy;
He's fed on eggs and fed on corn.

He's to bed at night before the hens;
Up in the morn before them, too,
To feed the pigs that are in the pens,
And milk the molly molly mu.

Now he drinks the milk fresh from the cows
And does not wish that it was beer,
And he stows the hay upon the mows,
And does it well without a fear.

He does not smoke the foul cigarettes
That waste one's vital force away
Nor does he play the bookmaker's bets
That always have a reckoning day.

He has no use of a Doctor's care.
His pulse is strong, his health is good,
Appetite great, and complexion fair;
He tills the soil and sows the wood.

Now he goes a-hunting in the fall
For the wild partridge and the deer;
And if he gets no game at all,
Returns undaunted in good cheer.

Then he goes a-fishing in the summer,
And often has to walk a mile,
And if poor luck, without a murmur
Cometh home with many a smile.

Oh, thou robust youth down on the farm,
Earnest student of Great Nature's Hand,
A true witness also of her charms—
Thou art most favored in the land!

VERSES AND PROVERBS

DOWN ON THE FARMS.

Come all ye people, large and small.
Who dwell within the city:
Come now, ye people, one and all,
And listen to my ditty.

The theme will be the country life
With all its glorious charms:
Where boys and girls, for noblest strife
Are reared, far down on the farms.

Where can grown-up men and women,
Where can little boys and girls,
Drink so deep from Nature, say men,
As where grasses blade unfurls;

Where the squirrel and the wood-chuck
Build their homes beneath the wall;
Where the partridge and the wild-duck
Are most plentiful in fall;

Where the martin and the red-fox
Have their habitation near;
Where we see the thieving hen-hawks,
Often, too, the pretty deer;

Where robin's sweet notes greet us
At the early break of day;
Where the whippoorwill sings to us
As we stow ourselves away;

Where the corn-fields and the meadows
Furnish beauty for the eye;
Where the mountains cast their shadows
And show green against the sky;

Where the scen'ry is not blighted
By rambling shacks that totter;
Where the view is not short-sighted
By walls of brick and mortar;

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Where in fall we pick the apples
From the orchard's bending boughs;
Where in spring we tap the maples—
Where drink milk fresh from the cows;

Where the breezes from the mountains
Put the vim into a man;
Where the waters from the fountains
Quench thirst as no liquor can;

Where Great Nature's Hand is present
Nearly ev'rywhere around;
Where environments are pleasant
And pure atmospheres abound?



PART TWO

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING TO WINNIE.

Dear Winnie, you are thirty-one to-day,
And in the year of your existence
May it be the month of May.
May the summer months that follow—
Coming on behind,
Be so full of noble fruitage
From your hands and heart and mind
That the Father up in Heaven,
Looking down with eyes so mild,
Will exclaim in gentle whispers,
"Thou art my belovéd child."
May the Autumn and the Winter
Be not desolate and lone,
But may you have a glorious harvest
From the deeds that you have sown
In the months of warmth and sunshine—
When the Sun was high—at noon.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

A BIRTHDAY GREETING TO WINNIE.

(My Wife)

Another year in your Life's Book
Appears to-day, Winnie Dear,
And when its surface o'er you look
May you find fine things to cheer.

When you have written its pages o'er
And prepare to turn again
Another leaf, may you find more
Of warm sunshine than of rain.

Your copybook has been quite clear
Through these thirty years and two,
And if you've made mistakes, my Dear,
They are exceedingly few.

The Spring-time's blush and Summer's Sun
Has unfurled your womanhood.
May Autumn's time and Winter's run
Bless you for true motherhood.

As Summer's breezes kiss your hair,
And the Summer's Sun your face,
May Autumn's vigor keep you fair,
May the Winter give you grace.

May High Heaven smile upon you;
May the Earth lend you her charm,
To protect you and to cheer you
And to keep you from all harm.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE LOST HOUR.

An hour lost from one's great endless chain of hours
May seem of very little significance;
But, comrades, in this great Universe of ours
'Tis truly a very sad coincidence.

In that very hour we may have sown some deeds
Which could have brought forth good fruit an hundred fold.
Alleviating our own and other's needs,
Whether of friendship, of learning, or of gold.

In that very hour might have burdens lightened
For some unfortunate sister or brother,
And might have a glorious friendship tightened
And endeared ourselves firmer to another.

We might have helped to make this old world better,
And had for the Master a brighter story
When called upon to loose our earthly fetter
And enter within our new Home of Glory.

We might in this precious, wasted hour of time
Have added to our little store of wisdom
And could have made our short lives more sublime
And earned a brighter home within the Kingdom!

An hour lost from Time's unceasing round
Is lost forever and cannot again be found.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, GUY P. BENNER.

I have lingered in the forests,
I have strolled across the fields,
I have traveled on the waters
Where the wind, the billows wield;

I have studied human nature
And the doings of mankind,
I have studied earthly pleasures,
But I still yet have to find

A more priceless earthly asset
Than is giv'n us in Friendship.
Like the fragrance of the rosebud,
The sweetness of the tulip,

It enlightens and it brightens,
It makes our hearts the lighter;
It reflects a wondrous lustre;
It makes our lives the brighter.

So of thee, dear Friend and Schoolmate,
In the dear old State of Maine—
Thine true Friendship cheers my vision
As the sunbeams through the rain.

Yes, we seem to meet but seldom
In this earthly life, dear Guy,
But I'm sure we'll meet forever
In the precious by-and-bye.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

TO AN HONORED FRIEND.

Now in mind I have a Preacher,
With a heart true and tender;
With a head that's full of knowledge—
The Bible's true defender.

All who know this goodly Preacher
Know well that his mind is broad,
Both upon the current topics
And upon the word of God.

He is young, the world's before him,
And deeply on its very face
May he firmly stamp his footprints
Shaped by the God of Grace.

May he not let other's dictions
Mar his own most lofty thought.
May his ev'ry action be with
Individu'lism wrought.

May he very well remember
History's brightest pages far
Are the ones that tell achievements
Of some lone and brilliant star.

And remember that Abe Lincoln
Gave glory to our nation
When alone and unadvised
He wrote Emancipation.

To thee, dear Friend and Brother,
I give these benedictions—
May the God of love inspire thee
To serve thine own convictions.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE RUSTIC BOY.

Dear little man, with roguish eyes,
That show as blue as are the skies;
With face that shows a dimpled chin,
But marked not by vice and sin.

The dirt has soiled your little toes,
The sun has frolicked with your nose;
Breezes from the mountain bower
Have tannéd you like summer flower.

Ah, these are happy days to you;
Your little cares, we know, are few;
You yet have but to run and play
Throughout the morn, throughout the day.

You now have not to earn your bread,
You now have not to strain your head
To keep the wolf 'way from the door,
To buy fine clothes for three or four.

You have the making of a man,
You're in the course your father ran.
Strive hard to make your record clear;
Do all things well without a fear.

May Heaven's Angels guard your way
Throughout the night, throughout the day.
And now, my little man, adieu—
We once were young the same as you.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.

When the parental roof you've left,
And gone out in the world,
Remember still, two hearts bereft
Where your young life unfurled.

A Mother's heart is beating fast
And tears are in her eyes
As, sighing, she reviews the past
And scans the Autumn skies.

A Father, too, is lonely there—
He's longing for his child.
His face it does bespeak of care
Although 'tis calm and mild.

Your Mother's hair is turning gray;
Your Father shows the years
That's gone since the sad parting day
You left them in their tears.

You may have oft forgotten them—
They've not forgotten you;
You may have seldom written them—
They're yearning still for you.

When from the old home you have gone,
And through this world do roam,
Remember still where you were born;
Don't forget dear folks home.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

DUTY.

Let us walk the path of Duty
With a strong and steady tread,
Guided by our inmost conscience,
Trusting in our God o'erhead.

If the path be rough and ragged,
And leads through the rugged field.
Let us still proceed unflinching;
Let us firmer grasp the Shield.

Duty often calls us onward
Through strenuous walks of Life,
But she pays us well for toiling,
If we conquer in the strife.

Her wages are not paid in gold,
Nor are they paid in silver,
But they are the ages' praises,
Living on—on forever.



TO MY LITTLE DAUGHTER HARRIET. (On her third birthday.)

Little bright-eyed girlie,
With cheeks of rosy hue;
With golden locks, and curly;
With eyes that are big and blue.

You know not, little Miss,
What lies in yonder way;
Whether Life will be all bliss,
Or be sprinkled with dismay.

Your thoughts most fragrant are,
Like rosebuds in the June.
May they thus remain, so far—
Through your Life's triumphant Noon.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

When Autumn time of Life
Is pictured on your brow,
May you have withstood the strife
With untarnished thoughts—as now.

GRANDPA.

Oh, the fun and oh, the glee
We used to have on Grandpa's knee;
Oh, the sports and oh, the glories,
As we listened to his stories.

We oft played pranks on Grandpa
In our frolics after supper;
But he, in grand sublimeness,
Looked upon us still in kindness;

Watched (us) as we were a-playing,
Never chidings to us saying.
I can see him sitting there,
Resting upon his easy-chair,

With his face (all) light and beaming,
As perhaps he was a-dreaming
Of (the) days when he was (but) a boy,
And his heart all aglow with joy.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

THE THREAD OF LIFE.

This earthly life is but a span
From the cradle to the grave.
God made it optional to man
To be Christian or a knave.

If we always do our duty,
Spinning out this thread of life,
Asking aid from the Almighty,
We shall conquer in the strife.

We may color this thread in gold—
Spin its length from Earth to Heaven,
Or in colors sad to behold—
Black in sins that's unforgiven.

We may accept this gift from God—
Inherit a Home eternal,
Or end all glories by the sod—
Enter on the dark infernal.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING TO MY DEAR FATHER

On His Sixty-ninth Birthday, September 12th, 1915.

Poets do not oft take up their pen
To write in metric verse
The sacredness of a father's love
Nor of his good converse,

For, gifted as is the Muse's pen
And lofty as her view,
Unto such a sacred theme as this
She cannot justice do.

When I now take up my pen to write
Of my beloved sire,
'Tis only by his earnest request
And by his own desire.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

My heart is overflowing with love,
My mind is full of praise
For he who has a true father been
Through all my boyhood days.

The words that I write with ink and pen,
These words on paper made,
When years go by and centuries pass
Are sure and bound to fade.

But the love that is born immortal
Will live on forever,
And the passing of the centuries
Cannot fade or sever.

Your most noble conduct here has shown
These hard and trying years,
Hope is better than despondency,
And smiles better than tears.

This short and probational journey
You're more than half way o'er,
And its severest tides and tempests
You'll encounter no more.

May the rest of your pilgrimage course
Be full of sun and calms
As you near the Land that is promised,
Land of heavenly charms.

When the God of Creation meets you
At the Heavenly Home,
May He take you into His Mansion.
With the Angels to roam.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

BYGONE DAYS.

Now my mind reverts to childhood
While I am engrossed in thought;
To the days of happy boyhood,
To the days that now are naught.

Once again I view with pleasure
All the haunts of boyhood days,
Where my hours were spent in leisure,
Basking in the sunny rays.

And once more I see the meadow
Where then sang the bobolink;
Where the silvery brook did flow,
And where lived the timid mink.

Now the orchard on the hillside
Is presented to my eye,
Where we picked the fruit for Yuletide—
Baldwins and the Northern Spy.

And again I see the horses
Standing by the cedar hedge,
And again the cows and bosses
Grazing at the water's edge.

Again I see the curtilage—
Scene of many happy day,
With its old and familiar hedge
Standing by each side the way.

And again I see my Mother
Standing in the open door.
Ah, how we do miss our Mother
When she's on the Other Shore!

Plainly I see my Father dear,
Wafting me a long farewell,
And in his eye there is a tear,
Which doth of emotions tell.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

While I meditate in silence
On these scenes that's long gone by,
My mind's busy in the silence
And a tear is in my eye.

LIFE.

Livest there a man or woman
Here on this old ball of earth
Who loveth not this earthly life,
Or who knoweth not its worth?

We well know this life is transient,
Made of few short years at most,
Where a prize is won, immortal
Or perchance forever lost.

Hast thou not an able body?
Hast thou not an intellect,
Brighter far than any diamond,
And more perfect and select?

Oh, child of Fortune and of Fate;
Child of pleasure and of pain;
Thou art here upon probation
That thou may'st have life again.

Thinkest thou there was a motive
Lurking in the Master's mind
When He made this Grand Old Planet
And adorned it with Mankind;

When He filled the Earth with plenty,
And with luxury besides;
When He made the grand old Ocean,
And invented winds and tides;

When He made the great Sahara;
When He made the Western Plain;
When He made the Andes Mountains,
And the Rocky Mountain Chain;

VERSES AND PROVERBS

When He made the Mississippi,
And the mighty Amazon,
And the great Yosemite Valley
For man's eyes to feast upon;

When He made the Fir and Hemlock;
When He made the Spruce and Pine—
O'er all a splendid firmament,
And adorned it with a sign;*

When He gave His Son from Heaven,
A glorious sacrifice!
To instruct the minds of mankind
The right road to Paradise;

When He gave this Son and Offspring
To be martyred on the Cross,
That the faithful be rewarded
And be sifted from the dross?

*The rainbow.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

Oh, Love, thou art a magic power!
Both wonderful and strong.
Thou cheereth us from hour to hour
On our earthly course along.

Thou art like electricity—
So seemingly complicated,
Yet glowing with simplicity
Since thou hast been created.

We cannot see nor hear thee,
Yet we know that thou art present
Wherever is humanity
To make our lives more pleasant.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Thou seasoneth the affairs of men
With a most delightful savor,
And we have used the ink and pen
To extend to thee our favor.

Thou shineth through the open door
And entereth at the swinging gate,
To give to man of joy the more;
To give to man a faithful mate.

Thou shineth from a beautiful face
Upon a strong and stern man's heart,
And melteth it by thy charming grace
And by thy powerful dart—

He pauseth in the affairs of life
To worship at thy glorious shrine
And mingle with the harder life
The pleasures that are thine.

Thou conquereth with an easy grace
Where no force of arms can conquer,
And giveth a sweet and smiling face
To the ones that thou doth conquer.

Thou girdeth the Earth from Pole to Pole
Wit a herculean strength,
And sendeth the Angels of thy Soul
Throughout its entire length.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

WOMAN.

She is extremely beautiful
And most charming in her ways;
She is altogether lovely—
She's the joy of all our days.

She's the fragrance of the morning,
The beauty of the Noon-day;
She's the shining light of evening,
She's as sweet as flowers in May.

She's the whiterose of the garden,
The canopy's Ev'ning Star;
She's the jewel of the desert—
She's earth's better half by far.

Sweetest, neatest and completest
Of all earthly works and arts,
She's the child of our affections
And the keynote to our hearts.

She's what gives this life the jingle
On this terrestrial sphere.
If she did not with us mingle
Men would find no pleasure here!

VERSES AND PROVERBS

BROTHERHOOD.

Brotherhood, a glorious asset
Of the which we may be proud;
Which reflects most wondrous beauty
Like the sun-struck evening cloud.

A sacred thing in life to me,
Is man's humanity to man;
The thought of bro'her helping brother
In whatever way he can.

We are weak and mortal creatures,
Made of dust impure and vile;
Made and put here by the Master
To remain a little while.

As we pass along Life's journey,
On this earthly ball or sphere,
Let us strive to help our brothers;
Strive to comfort and to cheer.

True enjoyment here is measured
By the good that we can do;
By our doing unto others
As to us we'd have them do.

In this world of short probation,
Where we have not long to stay,
Let's weld a band of brotherhood
'Ere the parting of the day.

We have some good examples
In the Old World and the New,
Of some noble men and women
With generous hearts, and true.

Who have sacrificed high station
And the wealth that they possess
That they might give cheer and comfort
To their brothers in distress.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Let us, too, be on the lookout,
Both in sunshine and in rain,
For some brother deep in anguish,
Deep in sorrow and in pain,

That we may give cheer and comfort
To his wounded heart and mind
'Ere he perish and is fallen
On the desert waste—behind.

Let us work and strive and struggle
With a heart for any fate;
Not of malice, not of censure,
Not of greed, and not of hate;

But a heart of tender mercy
And of love for all mankind;
Of compassion and of pity
For the ones that's fell behind.

Now, my fellow men and brothers,
In this universe of ours
May our deeds in fragrance blossom
As in spring-time doth the flow'rs.

In this great universe of ours
Let us help and love our brother,
Whether he be Jew or Gentile,
Or whether white or other;

Whether he have our religion
Or another of his own.
Not alone of our religion
But the deeds that we have sown.

Doth the Master take cognizance
When He settles our account?
I find doubt about this doctrine,
Read the Sermon on the Mount.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Let us follow the examples
Of great hearts gone on before;
Still augmenting, still improving
All our talents more and more,

Till at last, in exultation,
We approach the Golden Door,
There to dwell in glad contentment
With the Angels evermore.

THE HANDIWORK OF GOD.

As I sat one day amusing
Of this life and all its charms;
Of its sorrows and its pleasures,
Of its tempests and its calms.

A little thought beset me
And ere long it left me
In a solitude and bliss—
Beautiful World is this!

Now my Muse was in me singing.
My mind was wrapt in wonder
At the beauties of the rainbow,
The glories of the thunder!

My Muse's bells were ringing,
My soul in me singing,
As in solitude and bliss
What splendid World is this!

No mere human mind or master
Can duplicate such splendor
As where the sky the mountains meet
Far in the distance yonder;

Or where upon the hill top's crest
The violets bloom serene
Or through the gorgeous mountain side
Lies the dark and deep ravine;

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Or where upon the mountain top
The most lofty pine is found,
Or where the sheltering grove
Forms picturesque gulf or sound;

Or where in the early spring-time
The grasses uplift their blades,
Or where o'er looking the river
Stand the lofty Palisades;

Or where in grand sublimity
With a roar and with a hiss
The oceans embrace the main-land
With a tear and with a kiss;

Or where the evening sun-set
In colors both mild and loud
Reflect a most wondrous beauty
Upon yonder fleeting cloud!

Now from my trance I awaken
And behold things as they are—
Behold both the earth and heaven,
Behold both the Moon and Star—

Behold us poor mortal creatures,
The spectators to the show
Who seem to be oblivious
To the grandeur come and go;

Who applaud the Actor
Of this moving picture show
Whether He be on the hill top
Or upon the billows go!

Humanity, humanity
Know ye not that ye are dust
Made and put here by the Master
Where moth doth corrupt—and rust?

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Yet will ye be oblivious
To the purpose and the thought
That animates all Creation
Will ye count it all as naught?

VERSES AND PROVERBS

NEAR YEAR VERSES

May Angels minister to you
Throughout the coming year
And give you thoughts pure as the dew
And give you conscience clear.

With a high and lofty purpose
May we greet the coming year.
May we face the tasks that greet us
Without complaint, without fear.

If the year that just has ended
Has left rents within our hearts
May the New Year have them mended
Ere it from our presence parts.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Time is but an endless chain
Made of days, weeks, months and years,
Filled with pleasure and with pain,
Seasoned too by smiles and tears.

May Heaven's High Angels attend you
Throughout all the coming New Year
And give you great strength and true virtue
To do all things good without fear.

May the year that is now dawning
Inspire you like a summer's morning,
And may it bring you every day
Sunshine as bright as the rays in May.

As another leaf you turn
In Life's book of work and play
May you find fine things to learn
May you find kind words to say.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

As the Old Year passes onward
To be numbered with the past
And the New Year comes rushing forward
With the rest, its lot to cast
May you still press on and upward,
Pressing forward in the strife.
May you not, your eyes turn backward
To bewail mistakes in life.

May this New Year bring unto you
Rarest gifts from Earth and Heaven
And may each daily act you do
Win a prize by Angels given.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

PROVERBS

T'is just as easy to be kind
As to be cross and cruel
And we can always pleasure find in
In each kind act's renewal.

There is so much woe and sorrow
On this terrestrial Sphere
That we must today, tomorrow
Strive to comfort and to cheer.

He who would succeed in life must be a worker in the strife.

Who would to great heights attain must from all evil things
sustain.

He who would perfection reach must practice much as well
as preach.

The boy who would make a successful man must improve the
moments while he can.

He who would receive from others must give freely to his
brothers.

Be liberal to the World. According as you give to Her of
your loftiest energies will she reward you either in the
present or future ages.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Many a noble mind has lived within an humble dwelling and
many a rascal has enjoyed the comforts of a palace and
ate from the frugal board of a king.

A pound of will and a pound of pluck will often yield a ton
of luck.

Be kind to the aged—the scar of time may sometime rest
upon your brow.

The sinnow that does not get proper exercise wasteth away,
and a talent which is not used looses its usefulness as a
factor among the God-given accessories to man's make-
up, and becomes as it were a decayed and dilapidated
structure in our individual city of activity.

Judge your fellow men and women by their general average
and not by any one act, which may be far below their
general average.

A symmetry of purpose and of conduct is much more to be
admired than a symmetry of physical proportions—The
strenuous face and knotted cords have a beauty which is
far superior to the well rounded curves and shapely
forms of the lower type of human beauty.

The thyme and purpose of the existence of man was never
intended to be the mere dragging out of the space of time
between the cradle and the grave, regardless of the wel-
fare of his neighbors or of the better enlightenment of
himself.

Do not make a mistake in life more aggravated and deplor-
able by wasting valuable time in lamenting it, but unite
your energies in a new effort to avoid future mistakes.

VERSES AND PROVERBS

Experience is an exact teacher but her wages are often too dear—if we would make the most of Life during our short sojourn here, we must profit by the experience of others, as we get them through books and tradition.

“Of all sad words of ink or pen the sadest are these it might have been”—these words, of us, cannot be sung, if we learn Life’s duty young.

The habit of waste is a vice and he who indulges in it is pretty apt to come to want—If God cannot afford to waste out of His abundance, how can man afford to waste out of his small portion?

Evil thoughts require as much effort as good ones, and unkind acts consume as much vital force as kind ones and are much more fatiguing—are much less satisfactory.

He who does, his duty shirk will find no pleasure in Life’s work.

The day that is lost from Time’s unceasing round, is lost forever and cannot again be found.

Simplicity in speaking and doing is a sign of greatness.

A few thoughts truthfully and simply expressed, are much more impressive than many thoughts hidden under a heap of verbish garbage.

The man that believes other men’s wives to be better than his own is discrediting his own judgment and ability—is an unwholesome citizen.

THE END

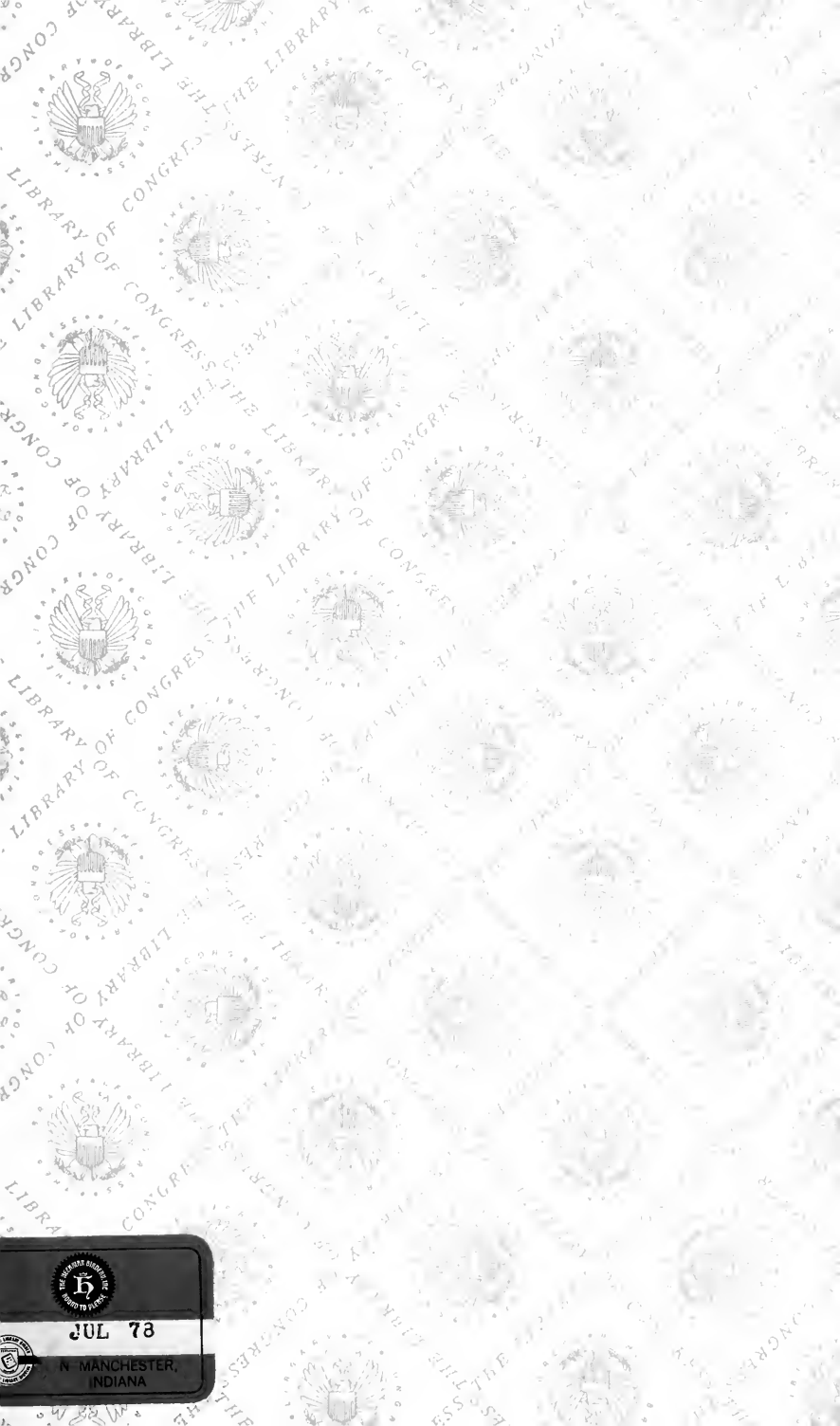


H243 78 522

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Oct. 2009

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN COLLECTIONS PRESERVATION

111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111





THE MEMORY SHORES
DEDICATED TO READING



JUL 78
UNIVERSITY OF MANCHESTER,
INDIANA

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 018 602 065 0